



THE LATIN SCHOOL

REGISTER.

DECEMBER, 1888.

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Vol. VIII.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1888.

No. 4.

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EDITOR'S DESK.

As the year wears on we see that a large number of boys still utilize the apparatus in the gymnasium to toughen their sinews and broaden their shoulders. To these we would say, "Keep it up." To the far larger number who never mount the stairs beside the balcony, we would say, "Don't spend your recesses in eking out the study-hour or even in standing about the corridor. Get up tug-of-war teams, time yourselves running around the gymnasium, use the chest-weights intelligently, swing on the rings moderately, and you will return to your recitations or study with a fresh current of blood pulsating in your veins, instead of 'the slimy ooze that stagnates' there now."

On Thursday, Dec. 6, the first class held a meeting to take action on the memorial exercises in observance of the 22d of February. The meeting was called to order by President W. J. H. Strong. Secretary G. E. Hume read the minutes of the last meeting, and then the committee on the class pin made its report and passed around a sample pin. It is of gold. The device is an owl within a wreath, below which is a plate with the inscription "B. L. S., '89."

The following committees were then elected by ballot: On Arrangements,—Hume (chairman), Hickey, Hildreth, Chase, Quirk,

Sears, and Jackson. On Drill,—W. J. H. Strong, Broughton, Merrick, Gallivan, and Conness. On the Party,—Bullard (floor manager), F. U. Stearns, Groce, H. F. Blake, and Furber. J. J. Dolan was elected Officer-of-the-Day.

Before any more sporting teams are established, either for football or baseball, a few words should be said about the support which the team ought to receive on the field. As a general thing, our school turns out a good crowd, and the sympathies of all are with the players, and success is heartily wished for. That success depends very much upon the support the team receives during the game. There ought to be a good deal of cheering, and at critical points, if two or three poor plays have been made, and then one good one is made, cheer that good one with all possible force, and more will be sure to follow. At our game with the Cambridge eleven, the effect of the Cambridge's organized crowd was very evident, and the disordered manner in which our cheering was done was just as evident. Nobody was responsible for the poor showing upon that day, but it can be remedied next year. In the spring our boys should practice the different yells under appointed leaders, and a good result in baseball ought to come.

What is our loss is the Cambridge High and Latin School's gain. While we lament our ill-fortune, we heartily congratulate our opponents on their *good luck*, for such we insist on calling it, rather than on their demonstrated superiority in strength and activity. All who witnessed the game know that they won purely by a technicality, which

disqualified one of our best men at a most critical point. Our defeat was very much like that of a chess-player who should lose his game by *inadvertently putting his hand on a piece*. Having said thus much in simple justice to our own team, we are ready to add our meed of applause to our gallant adversaries, and to repeat our felicitations on their winning the cup.

The political revolution of November has been supplemented by a municipal revolution in December. As we said last month, it is not for the editor of a non-partisan school-journal to express either exultation or chagrin. We simply hope that, whichever political party or religious sect is in the ascendant, it will not make the public school a political or sectarian battle ground. May that party or sect which is the first to stir up political or sectarian strife on public school ground, be the one to suffer defeat!

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Among the Greeks and Romans, the culture of the body was considered just as important as that of the mind. They attached a like importance to both, and their great principle, as shown to us in one of their proverbs, was "a sound mind is a sound body." They wished every man to be a good citizen, to know his duties as such, and to be able to perform them. The national prosperity of any country depends on the manner in which each citizen performs his private and public duties. Physical culture, however, is necessary to the right performance of both, for, in times of peace, one may be called upon to exercise many difficult functions, in the performance of which, through feebleness of body, he may ill succeed. How then will such a man, how *can* he, indeed, acquit himself of his duties towards himself, his fellow-beings, and his country, when the horrors of war descend upon the land? Ill, very ill, will be the success that attends his country's banner, if it is dependent on him.

Locke somewhere likens a man whose mind has been fully developed and highly cultivated to a sailing-master who, in his desire to carry to his master as great a cargo

as possible, overloaded the ship to such an extent that she sunk and was lost; and he observes that such a one, though his ship was loaded with gold, silver, and precious stones, would give to his master but a sorry result of the voyage. We are like this man, if in our anxiety to obtain knowledge, we are too little solicitous about our bodies. We seek knowledge for its advantages, the benefits it confers on us, and the good that we accomplish, through it, for others. If then, in laboring for it, we destroy our health, it is of little account whether we gain it or not; for can we make any use of it? I am afraid not, for, not having paid due attention to the body, we have not now its strength to support us, and we deprive ourselves of the power to do what, with meaner resources of mind and greater strength of body, we might have accomplished with success and even glory.

In these times, the greatest complaint that can be urged against all nations in general, but against our own nation in particular, is that they live too fast. We are so hurried that we are inclined to omit what does not specially please us or what we esteem trivial. But nothing is more certain than that these trifles lead to serious things. Too little attention is paid to our bodies, and this fact is manifest, if we consider for a moment the greatest public men of our country, and then take a glance at their offspring. The foremost men in the United States Senate and House of Representatives have all been noted for their physical strength and for their strict attention to the improvement of their bodies in the way of exercise, diet, etc. Of these were Garfield and Lincoln, and at the present time we have examples in Randall, Thurman, Edmunds, Carlyle, and others. It is perfectly natural for an intellectual man to be an athletic man, though the opposite may be less likely. It has, moreover, been remarked that the young men who attend the sociables at Washington, sons of senators, judges, and cabinet officers noted for the high state of their minds, ably supported by great physical endurance, are mere pygmies and are not half so well developed as their elder sisters. This proceeds from lack of physical education, and unless a change is brought about, we must not expect much from the future holders of those proud old names that, for so long a time, have been pre-eminent among our orators and statesmen. C. I. QUIRK, '89.

INTEREST IN FACTS.

Boys often complain that some of their studies are uninteresting, and among these they include History. The lack of interest in ancient events is caused by our own failure to enter into the spirit of the times in which they occurred. If we would only look up the accounts of various deeds in larger and more comprehensive histories, our interest would be greatly increased, and our knowledge more accurate and more exhaustive. There is not much interest in the fact that Horatius kept the bridge, but there is interest in it after reading Macaulay's beautiful lay on that subject.

There is very little pleasure in reading in your text-book that Æneas was the mythical founder of Italy, according to the Roman idea, but we do experience some delight at reading the story of his adventures, as charming as tales from the "Arabian Nights." The dry and terse accounts of the siege of Troy, as stated in text-books, make hardly any impression on the mind, as compared with that of the majestic measures of the Grecian bard. Facts are like bad-tasting medicines, wholesome but requiring something palatable to make them pleasant to the taste.

Of course we cannot always find interesting narratives of all hard facts; but we certainly can in a good many cases, and there can be no doubt that our remembrance of facts is materially aided by some pleasant remembrance of noble or interesting lines in some great author.

If we consider the circumstances surrounding the fact, the statement of it becomes simple.

But unfortunately we do not take into consideration these important circumstances, and we ourselves try to make our lessons, history in particular, as dry and hard to learn as possible.

How few of us put ourselves in the places of the principal actors!

Take the siege of Mytilenê, for instance. We read the account of that noted siege and find but little interest in it. But suppose we throw ourselves into that period, suppose we try to imagine the various incidents, to put ourselves in the first trireme, bearing the roll of papyrus which condemns the Mytileneans

to death. How sad we feel! How depressed our hearts! How slowly and painfully we tug at the oars! What gloom and sorrow is expressed in the faces of all, like that which overspread the Death-Angel Azreal's face, at least according to the Talmudical idea.

Let us place ourselves in the second boat. See what energy is shown by all! The oars fly through the water! Each man clenches his teeth as if for a death-struggle, and though the sweep is very heavy he pulls as lustily as though his oar were a feather! See the Commander urging on the rowers. "They've got but a day's start, boys. We must and will overtake them!" And they did.

Think of the feeling of those who were rescued from extermination!

But enough. I think you now perceive how easy even hard and dry facts, no matter how tersely expressed, can become, and to a certain extent, how interesting.

D. A. E., '91.

FOOTBALL.

B. L. S. vs. Cambridge High and Latin. On Friday, Nov. 27, at Brookline Common, the championship of the Interscholastic Football Association was decided by a closely-contested game between the above named teams. The result was a defeat for B. L. S., which was due to the loss of Mackie. When Mackie went off Cambridge was encouraged, and B. L. S., although its players worked harder, could not make up the loss. Although a little cold, the day was all that could be asked for, and both sides of the field were crowded with spectators. The game commenced promptly at three o'clock, Cambridge having the ball. B. L. S. secured the ball on four downs and worked it to the Cambridge twenty-five yard line. Here Mackie was disqualified and Paul took his place. The ball remained near the centre of the field for the rest of the half. B. L. S. started with the ball in the second half, and after fifteen minutes' hard work Cambridge made a touch-down from which Corbett kicked a goal. B. L. S., 0; Cambridge, 6. About ten minutes from the finish Broughton was disabled, and Woolston took his place. The rest of the game the ball was near the middle of the

field. The teams were made up as follows:

| B. L. S. | | CAMBRIDGE. |
|-------------|---------------|-------------|
| Anthony. | | Fox. |
| Furber. | | Wrenn. |
| Hildreth. | | Thayer. |
| Gallivan. | rushers | Clark. |
| Byron. | | Rogers. |
| Sears. | | Moore. |
| Stearns. | | Whittemore. |
| Kendricken. | quarter-backs | Stevens. |
| Broughton. | half-backs | Corbett. |
| Mackie. | | Whitman. |
| Waters. | backs | Burns. |

The best playing was done for B. L. S. by Anthony, Broughton, Waters, and Mackie while he played, and by Burns, Corbett, Stevens, and Wrenn, for Cambridge.

Mr. Brooks and Mr. Bancroft were referee and umpire.

B. L. S. vs. Roxbury Latin:—Our last championship game was played at Franklin Park, on Tuesday, Nov. 27, in a hard rain, water being three or four inches deep in many places on the field. All the players on both teams wished to postpone the game except Beals, Roxbury's captain, who was determined to get through before Thanksgiving. Roxbury won the toss and took the wind, giving B. L. S. the ball and up hill. In less than a minute every player was wet to the skin and covered with mud. One half of forty-five minutes was played and touch-downs were made by Broughton and Kendricken. Broughton was obliged to retire a few minutes before the finish, and Kendricken went to half-back, and Quigley took his place as quarter-back. Score, B. L. S., 8; Roxbury Latin, 0.

The teams were made up as follows:

| B. L. S. | | ROXBURY. |
|-------------|---------------|------------|
| Anthony. | | Atwater. |
| Furber. | | Beals. |
| Hildreth. | | Kimball. |
| Gallivan. | rushers | Woodworth. |
| Chase. | | Cummings. |
| Sears. | | Adams. |
| Stearns. | | |
| Kendricken. | quarter-backs | Cabbot. |
| Mackie. | half-backs | Sherwin. |
| Broughton. | | Ellis. |
| Waters. | backs | Hoag. |

Mr. Morrison was referee and Mr. Garrison was umpire.

Below is the standing of the different teams:—

| NAMES. | Games won. | Games lost. | Points won. | Points lost. |
|----------------|------------|-------------|-------------|--------------|
| Cambridge, | 6 | 0 | 136 | 0 |
| Boston Latin, | 5 | 1 | 140 | 15 |
| Roxbury Latin, | 4 | 2 | 66 | 56 |
| English High,* | 2 | 3 | 20 | 78 |
| Nichol's,* | 1 | 3 | 46 | 52 |
| Hopkinson's, | 1 | 5 | 18 | 126 |
| Noble's,* | 0 | 5 | 9 | 108 |

* The English High *versus* Nichol's, Stone's and Hale's game was not played, and was called a draw.

The Nichol's, Stone's and Hale's *versus* Noble's game was also called a draw.

At the annual meeting of the donors of the cup, on Monday, Dec. 11, it was decided that the Boston Latin *versus* Cambridge High and Latin game, and the Noble's *versus* English High game should hold good, thus giving the championship to Cambridge.

The following is a list of touch-downs made in the games:—

Waters, 11; Broughton, 9; Kendricken, 9; Mackie, 3; Anthony, 3; Gallivan, 1; Stearns, 1; Quigley, 1; Paul, 1. Total 39.

Waters of the second class has been elected captain of next year's football eleven.

NOTES.

Second!

The next Public Declamation will occur Jan. 25, 1889.

W. K. Norton, '84, Harvard '88, is a teacher of Science in the Watertown High School.

"*Hic est sepulchrum, haud pulchrum, pulchrai feminai.*" "Here is a site, not sightly, of a sightly dame."

The Latin School battalion tapers from 6ft. 3, to 4ft. 2½. Knowing nothing to the contrary, we claim the distinction of having in our ranks the shortest boy in the regiment.

The battalion recently executed a new movement. It formed column of companies

in single rank. Then fours right, closing up to regular distance, and fours left to company front in double rank.

During the last two weeks the companies have been drilling for corporals. Of course many were disappointed, but it is hoped that they will drill with no less zeal than if they could sport the double stripe.

The bayonet squad "fell in" for the first time this year, on Thursday, Dec. 13. Forty-eight candidates appeared. With regular attendance and strict attention to business, the squad will maintain the high standard of excellence attained by former B. L. S. squads, we hope.

W. H. Furber, room 12, will purchase a limited number of copies of the REGISTER, Vol. VIII, No. 1. They must be unfolded and in good condition. The regular subscription price will be paid.

The school should feel proud of the record which the football team has made. The playing of individuals was excellent, and the work of the team as a whole was steady and praiseworthy.

Members of the bayonet squad should understand that only a certain even number can appear on the floor of Mechanics' Hall. The selection will be based mainly on regular attendance and manifest improvement. The squad will be under command of Major Jackson, with Captain Conness and Lieutenant Groce as lieutenants.

The lack of "personals" is painfully evident in this column. Boys will understand that such notes, and in fact any notes will be thankfully received. It is such items that increase the interest of the paper. Hand your note to the reporter in your room or to some member of the editorial staff in room 12.

We don't claim any originality in the following idea, but we like to see our names in print.

FURBER,
GORDON,
QUIRK,
STEARNS,
JACKSON,
SEARS,
CHASE.

The following books have recently been added to the Library: *Narrative and Critical History of America*; *Index of Public Statues of Massachusetts, 1882-1887*; *Address on Life of Charles Francis Adams*; *An Index to Periodical Literature*; *First Supplement to "Poole's Index"*; *Companion to School Classics*; *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Excavations*; *A History of Painting*; and *History of Rome and the Roman People, 4 volumes.*

TEACHER: "If I had ten cents, and you asked me to lend you five cents, how much should I have left?"

Boy: "Ten cents."

The city has been pickled long enough, but it is now out of the (O') Brien, and has gained a Mayor after its own H(e)art.

The officers of the Roxbury High School gave a party in Bacon Hall, on Wednesday, Nov. 28. Col. W. J. H. Strong and Adj. G. E. Hume were present. This was followed, Nov. 30th, by a party in Maverick Hall, given by the officers of the East Boston High School.

After cudgeling our brain for several minutes for some new way of expressing an old sentiment, we have come to the conclusion that the old phrase can't be improved upon. So we heartily wish all our readers "A Merry Christmas."

APROPOS TO THE CAMBRIDGE- B. L. S. GAME.

THE CAKE.

Two little boys went out to play
One lovely day,
To see which one could kick a ball
'Twixt pillars tall.
The one that did it was to take
A pretty cake.

They struggled hard and galloped fast,
Until at last
One came back bawling to his ma,
"Boo-hoo, bah-hah!
Mamma! he hit me in the face!
See, here's the place."
"Bad boy!" she said, "now he shan't take
The pretty cake!"

HARVARD NOTES.

E. Pierce, B. L. S. '88, is a candidate for the Freshman Crew.

J. E. Young, B. L. S. '88, is a candidate for the Freshman Lacrosse Team.

R. M. Baker, B. L. S. '88, played right tackle in the Harvard-Yale Freshman game.

The following Latin School graduates are entitled to write a double narrative theme in English B.: H. T. Baldwin, J. F. Frame, J. W. Rice, and Weysse.

F. E. Parker, B. L. S. '85, Harvard '89, has been elected an officer of the Harvard Chess and Whist Club.

R. D. Ware, B. L. S. '85, Harvard '89, is in the Harvard Guitar and Mandolin Club.

L. A. Corne, B. L. S. '88, Harvard '92, plays second violin in the String Quartette, formed from members of the Pierian Sodality.

W. P. Tryon, B. L. S. '88, Harvard '92, was one of the speakers in the Union Debate of Dec. 5.

EQUA NOCTURNA.

It had been a very pleasant Christmas for me, and Frank and I were talking over the events of the well-crowded day just before retiring to forget all our enjoyments in sleep. We had read, and studied (?) some of that Geometry, in which we are rather weak, until the middle of the forenoon, and then skated in the bracing air until 4 o'clock, when we returned with keen appetites to sit down around the well-laden board. Among the actors here, there loomed up the Symbolic Goose (symbolical, dear reader, of Christmas cheer, and not of the writer), playing on this occasion *Pièce de Résistance*; his brother, whose benefit came off in November, the Thanks-given Turkey; Sir Plum Pudden (as the waitress announced him), short and stout, swelling himself up to appear as imposing as possible; the brothers Pie,—Mince, Apple, and George Washington; and last, that poor coward, nicknamed "I Scream," who shivers and shakes as his turn comes to play his part, and despite his efforts to maintain a cold indifference to everything about him, at last melts away into obscurity.

After dinner we had read some more, and had attended in the evening a military play, called "The Potomac; an Echo from the War." The sub-title was very appropriate, for the noise of guns was the chief characteristic of the drama, and the smell of powder was very strong. Upon reaching home, we talked over the eventful day, and after eating two or three apples apiece, sought the arms of the dream-god. He came to me! I remember, since, the old maxim about fruit, "Gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night."

I imagined it was the day of the School Regiment parade, and that with the others I was marching down Tremont Street toward the Common. The music kept our feet in step despite the cobblestones, which seemed to be unusually large and round, and the smaller boys (they appeared about two feet high), trotted desperately after the older ones, who soon had to change their gait to a slow lope like a tired camel's, and their gallant line resembled a twisted saw-blade. The car tracks were quite high from the ground, and came together about every forty feet, and some of the afore-mentioned "ponies" becoming stuck at their intersection had to be extricated. Their captain worked heroically whenever his men were in trouble, and in remembrance of his faithful endeavors in their behalf, they sent him a set of resolutions which you have all seen,— "To Grim Death H—— as a slight token, etc." At last, however, the young soldiers learned wisdom, and using their guns as vaulting poles leaped gracefully over the dangerous points. This gave a pretty effect to the column, and I have learned since that the manœuver is to be adapted in the next edition of Upton's Tactics. The line halted quite frequently, and the boys were allowed to run into the neighboring stores to fill their pockets with fruit and candy, and drink soda water, which they did without stint till their *argent* gave out.

Horsecar No. 27, resurrected from its fatal trip to Cambridge, we had chartered for the M. I. C. (Members of the Imbecile Coterie), and it followed in the wake of the procession, serving as a guard-house for captured stragglers. It had been carefully fitted up with litters and crutches, and a large supply of

surgical appliances was on board, in charge of the class Undertaker, Diogenes Q., and the old colored nurse, so long connected with the Latin school, Venus C. The two Assistant Nurses were young white ladies, Lena B. and Jennie F., and their escort was a young gentleman with a full beard,* who has been so long a surgeon that he is familiarly known as "Ossified" or "Grisly Terror" F. (The only victims that the Board of Medicine and Therapeutics cared for on this trip were the Bilious Member and the Horsefly, though another passenger looked White, and these were soon set laughing by the merry antics of Miss Lena's pet, "Jocko.") A tall young gentleman had been given a package to take care of during the trip, a duty which he fulfilled faithfully only to find that he had been fooled by guarding nothing but a series of parallel lines intercepting equal arcs on the circumference, and so was the *left guard*.† Another member of the Coterie, whose love for Physics amounts nearly to a disease, was looking through a second-hand spectacle lens, (obtained at any wholesale jeweller's at a few cents each,) in search of the missing Ray, who had been requested to wipe off the blackboard, and was enveloped in a cloud of dust. The experimenter's efforts with the lens were not successful, and the other Imbeciles began to laugh. Whereupon, with his customary, — "Peace, ho!" — he forged a letter on base-ball matters to his friend, the Poet and lapsed into somnolence, evincing neither pride nor prejudice after that.

All these things had happened while we were resting near the Common. Just as the column started, another horsecar was seen coming toward the procession, and it joined us in our course. This car was well filled, and the passengers all had large numbers pinned to their coats. I saw that 6, 7, 9, 10 were evidently brothers — they seemed alike, surely. The front platform was filled with copies of Litré, Harkness, Bescherelle, Goodwin, Chauvenet, Strangle, and Wentworth, and several cells of dilute sulphuric acid were attached to galvanometers, and this electric plant bore good fruit—electric currents. The

car was driven by the patron divinity of the lunch counter, and was filled, I think, with teachers of the school. This car was of some assistance to the rear guardsmen of the column, as it carried a band of its own, which played "National Airs," and helped to keep the step uniform. The only objectionable feature of this company was a satellite in the shape of an Italian organ-torturer, who was hired long ago in the misty past to haunt forever the even tenor of the recitations and the sacred quiet of the study hour, and he came even on this day of days. Ordinarily I like to have him come around during school-time, —he's homely, but I like him. It is thought that he was hired by one of the foot-ball teams with a sum of money which I collected from the class, for I haven't seen my quarter back.

When we had finished our march through the streets, and passed in review before the dignitaries of the Home for Feeble Minded Youth (this course was adopted out of courtesy to the passengers in car No. 27), the column marched upon the parade ground, both cars unloaded their contents, and the rest and lunch upon the Common seemed very refreshing. The boys were very highly elated at the discovery that they could magnetize with their knife-blades bananas stuck on bayonets, and have compasses pointing due S. S. E. This phenomenon was first noticed by Jimmie G. (M. I. C.), whose hat, as you all know, is 7 1-4, and was honored with a column description and several steel engravings in the *Scientific Algerian*. The quantity of fruit eaten during this noon-day lunch caused the captains some trouble in the alignment of their companies, owing to spherical aberration of some the men, but they were refracted by the guns of the sergeants, and all was happily settled.

At last the parade was formed! All presented arms from a support! I heard the Imbeciles murmur, "Good, good!" And another voice said, "Yes, that's wrong." The soldiers marched from the parade ground to the street, the cars fell into line in the rear, and we took up our homeward march. Here I have to relate the misconduct of one of our mighty warriors, who, like Belshazzar of old, commands many men. The sun had been very warm upon us all day, and this wretch

* NOTE. I have since learned that this was on the way to the costumer's.

† Pat. App. For. Members of foot-ball team may obtain diagram at Room 3.

added to the discomforts of the march by using the name of a worthy member of the M. I. C. to help out an atrocious pun. Said he, "Since car 27 has sideboards on it, it's ho(r)tter there." As this senseless joke showed a weakening intellect, a council of officers decided to put him aboard Car No. 27, where he could be under guard and in the company of his peers, if he were really becoming imbecile. His spirit was not crushed by this proceeding, however, for he arranged a story for the last minutes of the time which he attempted to tell his comrades, but no chance was given him.

After a long, dusty march from the Common, the procession at last reached the school building, and our mutual friend, Seldom-Afraid-of-a-Mark, produced a compass (borrowed from the laboratory), which he had carried all day in his vest pocket as a pedometer, and found that we had covered nineteen parasangs.

At last the din of cheering companies in the drill hall indicated the close of the day's labors, and, gradually increasing in intensity, roused me rudely from my

CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE.

TO BETHLEHEM'S STAR.

Bethlehem's Star,
Twinkling afar,
 Preceding the kings of the East,
What could thy glory be —
Thy lofty destiny —
That Thou shouldst brightly shine,
With so much sheen divine,
 So greatly increased?

Bethlehem's Star,
Twinkling afar,
 O luminous, beautiful Light,
So loved with Heaven's love
Thy kindred all above!
Why honored with such fame
The Saviour to proclaim,
 O Herald so bright?

Bethlehem's Star,
Twinkling afar,
 Proclaiming, announcing the Day,
Lead us also to Him.
Thy light Thou wilt not dim?
E'en let it brighter grow —
Let us more surely know
 The glorious way!

J. H. HICKEY, '89.

A TIPPY CANOE.

One walking in the suburbs of the city, and even in the city proper when there is no blue-coated and brass-buttoned guardian of the peace in sight, often has his attention called to a crowd of from two to two-dozen boys yelling like mad and sweeping down with clubs in their hands upon a small unoffending block of wood, as if bent on its utter destruction. They rush by like a whirlwind, shouting, "Shinny on your own side!" "Up (or "down," as the case may be) with it!" etc., and swinging their clubs with perfect disregard of one another's shins. These clubs vary in size and shape as much as do the boys that wield them; but not always is the size of the club, or hockey (for you must have divined that these boys are playing that juvenile substitute for Polo called "Hockey" or "Shinny"), proportionate to the size of the boy. Indeed, these two quantities are often in inverse proportion. For instance, that tall, gentlemanly youth in the Derby uses a light, perfectly-shaped Polo stick, purchased at one of the well-known emporiums for the sale of sporting goods; while the small boy in well-ventilated trousers and brimless straw hat whose crown rises and falls on its hinge of braided straw, staggers along under the weight of a shillalah hewn out from a whole tree.

If you stop and watch the game for any length of time, you will probably see two or three of the combatants limp to the curbstone and sit rubbing their *tibiae* for a few moments. Soon, however, they return to the contest with as much eagerness as before. Very likely some one will get struck by the flying block, but those who indulge in hockey have to get used to such things.

But the only danger arising from the game of hockey is not that of having one's shins bruised and one's face disfigured, as three boys learned by an experience very amusing — to the spectators.

"What are you going to do to-day, Joe?" said Derf, one pleasant Saturday morning in the early fall.

"Oh, I don't know. What are you going to do?"

"Let's go and get some hockeys. We'll lay in a stock for all winter."

"Where'll we go? We've been nearly everywhere around here."

"I know a place in M——. I noticed it last winter, when I was skating on the river."

So Joe and Derf, with another fellow named George, set out up the N—— river in an eighteen-foot bark canoe. They took four hatchets, with edges not in the best possible condition. The tide was rising, and with three paddles they made pretty good speed. It was a very high tide, and they were able to cut off some of the windings of the river by going across the marshes.

"I shouldn't wonder if we could go up the rapids at the bridge, if the tide rises much higher," said Joe.

At this remark George shifted a little uneasily in his seat, but made no reply.

Just above the M—— bridge the river flows over a dam, and continues swiftly under the bridge through four arches. The water going through the two larger arches flows over a ledge in a long, low fall, and below this the river is full of rocks, nearly all of which are covered at very high tides. The water from the two smaller arches comes out below the fall, but goes over the rocks with the rest. The boys reached the rapids at just high tide, and by paddling hard, managed to pass them. Then they went through one of the smaller arches and tried to paddle up to the foot of the dam. The current, however, swung the canoe round, and they drifted down under one of the large arches. But by paddling backwards they succeeded in reaching the right-hand shore above the bridge.

They still had the dam to surmount, and as it was approaching noon, George, after carrying the paddles, cushions, and hatchets to a staging at one end of the dam, went off to obtain something for lunch. Meanwhile Joe and Derf carried the canoe to the staging and with considerable difficulty lifted it up and then lowered it into the water on the other side. George returned with some "drop cakes" and doughnuts. After due compliments on this excellent selection of delicacies, the party went on up the river for about three-quarters of a mile. Leaving the canoe under a bridge, they walked along the railroad track, which here follows the river, to a copse of bushes growing in about six inches of water along the edge of the river. Joe, who had on tennis shoes, did not get any hockeys; George, who wore ordinary shoes, managed to get three or four, but on looking them over he cut them up and threw the pieces at Derf, who, wisely clad in rubber boots, had been working industriously and emerged from the bushes with eight good hockeys.

Returning to the canoe, they ate their sumptuous repast, and then started down the river, forgetting, of course, the inevitable last thing,—in this case George's hatchet. On arriving at the dam, George assisted in getting the canoe down to the place where they were to re-embark, but utterly refused to go over those rapids again. Joe and Derf, therefore, prepared to do it alone, but they never got as far as the rapids.

Thinking that it would be fun to go over the low fall, they decided to go out into the middle of the river and then through one of the large arches of the bridge. But the tide was going out and the river ran more swiftly than before. Attempting to cut across the current, they were drifted broadside upon the edge of one of the stone piers that support the bridge. They struck it just amidships, and, as the currents on both sides of the pier were of equal strength, the canoe stuck there and slowly turned over. Derf crawled along the side of the canoe and waded ashore in water a little above his waist, keeping on his feet only with great difficulty. The noon hour of the mill operatives was not over, and soon the bridge was lined with spectators. A rope was brought and thrown to Joe, who had pluckily remained in the cold water looking out for the canoe. He fastened the rope around one of the cross-pieces, and George and Derf, assisted by several men, pulled. The two currents exerted great force, and the canoe scarcely moved. But the cross-piece gave way, and the rope pullers sat down on the rocks amid the applause of the spectators. After a while Joe managed to get a hitch around one end of the canoe, and going ashore joined those already pulling. Slowly the end came round, and presently they had the canoe alongside the bank, but wrong side up. When they endeavored to turn it over, the suction was so great that a rope had to be put around the end a second time, and with some pulling on that and some lifting on the side they succeeded in getting it right side up.

The cushions and back-boards had of course floated down the river, but what was the boys' surprise to find that two hatchets had remained in the canoe, although it had been sailing about bottom upward for a quarter of an hour. Derf caused some amusement by sitting on a rock and holding his feet in the air, when a perfect stream of water poured out of his rubber boots.

Joe fortunately had a relative living near, and the boys invaded the house and partially dried their clothes. The canoe was left where it was, and our heroes returned home by horse car, Derf triumphantly bearing his eight hockeys.

The next time those boys go to M—— after hockeys, they walk. J., '89.

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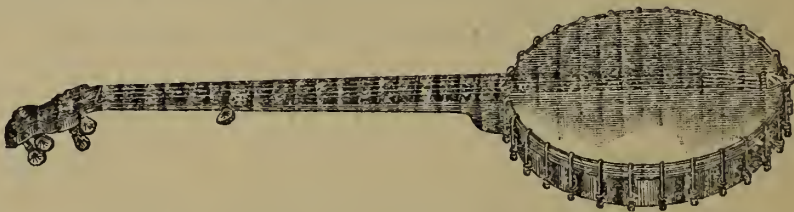
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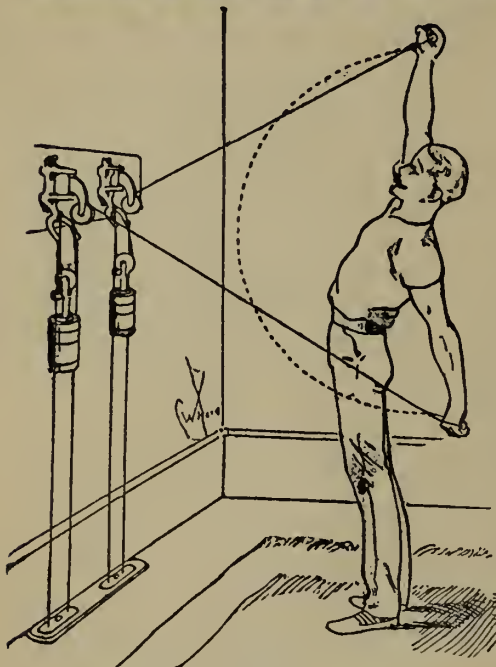
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